



THE Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and Speed.

Valentine.

Ease to perswade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the sweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with shapelesse idlenesse.
But since thou lou'st; loue still, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* ad ew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) seest
Some rare note-worthy obiekt in thy trauaile.
With me partaker in thy happinesse,
When thou do'st meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beades-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my successe?

Pro. Vpon some booke I loue, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow Storie of deepe loue,

How yong *Leander* crost the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,

For he was more then ouer-shoes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,

And yet you neuer swom the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Ouere the Bootes? nay giue me not the Bootes.

Val. No, I will not; for it bootes thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in loue; where scorne is bought with

Coy looks, with hart-fore sighes: one fading moments

With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,

If hap'ly won, perhaps a haplesse gaine;

If lost, why then a grieuous labour won;

How euer: but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit, by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cautiil at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your master, for he masters you;

And he that is yoked by a foole,

Me thinkes should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet Writers say; as in the sweetest Bud,

The eating Canker dwells; so eating Loue

Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And Writers say; as the most forward Bud

Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen so by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the Bud,
Loosing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsaile thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu: my Father at the Road

Expects my comming, there to see me ship'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:

To *Milaine* let me heare from thee by Letters

Of thy successe in loue; and what newes else

Betideth here in absence of thy Friend:

And I likewise will visite thee with mine.

Pro. All happinesse bechance to thee in *Milaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and so farewell. *Exit.*

He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;

I loue my selfe, my friends, and all for loue:

Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphis'd me:

Made me neglect my Studies, loose my time;

Warre with good counsaile; set the world at nought;

Made Wit with musing, weak; hart sick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'saue you: saw you my Master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Milaine*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ship'd already,

And I haue plaid the Sheepe in loosing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often stray,

And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Master is a Shepheard then,

and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I

wake or sleepe.

Pro. A silly answer, and sitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me still a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Master a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard seekes the Sheepe, and not the

Sheepe the Shepheard; but I seeke my Master, and my

Master seekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard,

the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou

for wages followest thy Master, thy Master for wages

followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another prooue will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'st thou heare: gau'st thou my Letter

to *Julia*?

Sp. I

The two Gentlemen of Verona

Sp. I Sir: I (a lost-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her
(a lac'd-Mutton) and she (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a
lost-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a Pasture for such store of
Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be over-charg'd, you were best
sticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: were best pound
you.

Sp. Nay Sir, lesse then a pound shall serue me for car-
rying your Letter.

Pro. You mistake: I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer.

Pro. But what said she?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You mistooke Sir: I say she did nod;

And you aske me if she did nod, and I say I.

Pro. And that set together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to set it to-
gether, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you shall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I must be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,

Hauiug nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Behrewe me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briebe; what
said she.

Sp. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter
may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what said she?

Sp. Truly Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceiue so much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;

No, not so much as a ducket for deliueriug your letter:

And being so hard to me, that brought your minde;

I feare she'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.

Giue her no token but stones, for she's as hard as Steele.

Pro. What said she, nothing?

Sp. No, not so much as take this for thy paine: (me)

To testifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue cester'd

In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your
selfe; And so Sir, I'll commend you to my Master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to saue your Ship from wrack,

Which cannot perish hauiug thee aboard,

Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:

I must goe send some better Messenger,

I feare my *Julia* would not daigne my lines,

Receiuing them from such a worthless post. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say *Lucetta* (now we are alone)

Would'st thou then counsaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, so you stumle not vnheedfully.

Jul. Of all the faire resort of Gentlemen,

That euery day with par'le encounter me,

In thy opinion which is v

Luc. Please you repeat

According to my shallov

Jul. What thinkst thou

Luc. As of a Knight, w

But were I you, he neuer f

Jul. What think'st thou

Luc. Well of his wealt

Jul. What think'st thou

Luc. Lord, Lord: to fee

Jul. How now? what m

Luc. Pardon deare Mad

That I (vnworthy body as

Should censure thus on lo

Jul. Why not on *Proth*

Luc. I then thus: of mar

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I haue no other b

I thinke him so, because I

Jul. And would'st thou

Luc. I: if you thought

Jul. Why he, of all the

Luc. Yet he, of all the r

Jul. His little speaking

Luc. Fire that's closest k

Jul. They doe not loue

Luc. Oh, they loue least

Jul. I would I knew hi

Luc. Peruse this paper I

Jul. To *Julia*: say, from

Luc. That the Contents

Jul. Say, say: who gau

Luc. Sir *Valentines* page

He would haue giuen it y

Did in your name receiue i

Jul. Now (by my mod

Dare you presume to harbo

To whisper, and conspire:

Now trust me, 'tis an offic

And you an officer fit for t

There: take the paper: fee

Or else returne no more in

Luc. To plead for loue, e

Jul. Will ye be gon?

Luc. That you may run

Jul. And yet I would I

It were a shame to call her

And pray her to a fault, for

What foole is she, that kn

And would not force the l

Since Maides, in modesty,

Which they would haue t

Fie, fie: how way-ward is

That (like a testie Babe) w

And presently, all humble

How churlishly, I chid *Luc*

When willingly, I would l

How angerly I taught my

When inward ioy enforc'd

My pennance is, to call *Luc*

And aske remission, for m

What hoc: *Lucetta*.

Jul. What would you

Luc. Is't neere dinner t

Jul. I would it were,

That you might kill your f